

Walls

by Jacksaw

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Summary: Merida, Jack, Rapunzel and Hiccup... All trapped by different kinds of 'walls'. When they receive a Hogwart's letter, they believe it's their ticket to leave behind the 'walls'. But things never happen as they're supposed to, do they? They may have escaped their trapped future, but have they really escaped their fate? Have they really escaped their 'walls? Rated T just in case.

Walls

*** Hi! Don't ask me why I love Slytherin so much. This is my first Big Four fic. Don't quite think I managed Rapunzel. Please enjoy! :)

**Disclaimer: I keep forgetting this. And nw, I definitely do not have the skills or time to do all that stuff, so know, I don't own them. **

Pain was always a part of poverty.

Jack knew that. He knew that his family never had enough money. He knew that his mother had to work her fingers to the bone to buy him and his sister clothes. He knew that his father had to slave away in the fields every day, to buy them food. He knew that one day he had to work too, to help his family.

But he never knew how poor they were.

His parents hid that from both him and his sister, Holly. It wasn't shame. It was fear. Fear that their children had to grow up in a world with nothing but hunger and misery. His father had sunken deep into debt, after a long winter that had forced them to buy extras of everything.

When Jack was eight, the local authorities had had enough of them.

They forced his dad into the army, and kicked them out of their house. They managed to scrape by; his dad's wages meant they had enough. For a second, everything was fine. His family was warm, his father was paid, and there was no wasn't going to be a war for a long time

But of course, happiness and warmth only lasted a second in the Overland family.

Pitch Black seemed to come out of nowhere. The Ministry had no time to give the troops the training and resource they needed. It was suicide. Pitch, or the Nightmare King, as he was known, seemed to be able to spread fear, plaguing the town with nightmares. It was long rumoured that he could give people nightmares just by thinking about it, and could make the bravest of warriors run for their mothers. As swiftly as a bird, darkness spread over the magical world like a curtain, impenetrable as the strongest amour.

His father died, in the Battle of the Wallows, the second of January.

Jack's birthday.

After that, they had to depend on their meagre savings for survival. Year after year of the Bogeyman's reign, the winters grew steadily colder and more...well dead. His mother died of frostbite. At least that was what the doctors said. Being cold, and hungry most of the time didn't help. Jack thought she had died from heartbreak. Years of slavery had taken their toll. At least she would see his father again in heaven.

When Jack was ten, things were better. Pitch had been defeated, and he had gotten a job, taking care of the richer children in the village. They were able to buy warm clothes for the winter, and managed to have dinner everyday.

But then, on his eleventh birthday, the letters came.

One from Hogwarts, and one from a couple in the next village. They were willing to take Holly as their foster daughter, and give her the father she had missed. For her, they would pay him a hundred Galleons. Jack knew that by sending his sister away, she would lead a better life than his, and meant he could go to Hogwarts. A hundred galleons were enough for second-hand books and robes, and plus there was the financial help Hogwarts offered. It was a perfect plan. Everything was accounted for, no loopholes, nothing that he would ever regret.

Except the way Holly looked at him when she found out he was sending her away.

* * *

><p>Merida never liked stories.<p>

Her mother was a brilliant storyteller. She could weave tales about anything in the world. Fairies, dragons, wizards, brave knights, beautiful damsels and swashbuckling swordplay. Her father Fergus would often join in, acting out all the action, and making her laugh.

Merida would sit on her mother's lap, listening to the crackle of the fire, and her mother's voice, creating a world of magic and wonder. Her fondest childhood memories were filled with words: stories that made her laugh, stories that made her cry, and stories that filled her mind with a thirst for adventure. The words gave her wings, let her fly to a world where everything was possible, where there were no nightmares.

So what was wrong?

>Elinor would often ponder the question. She could never understand who one minute Merida was laughing at Fergus running around with his pants on fire, and the next slipping off her lap and tell her, I don't want to hear anymore and disappear. Elinor knew Merida had loved the stories.

It was simple, really. Stories always went, _Follow your destiny, follow your fate, fulfil your destiny,_ even the odd, _Follow the yellow brick road. _Elinor had pounded into her head that her destiny was to marry to the first-born son of another clan, and make lasting (i.e., as long as she lived) peace.

Merida didn't want that to be her life. She wanted to be free, free as the wind that rushed through her hair as she rode over the hills, as free as the eagle that circled overhead. She didn't want to be stuck to the earth, her entire life planned out for her.

But even in the world of stories, it wasn't possible for Scottish princesses to be free.

Her entire life was to be as boring as the black stones of the castle that was her home, and the stupid books her mother made her read as studies. She was destined to end up boring and dull, with nothing to remember her by. As dull as, well, her mother.

She tried begging, sobbing, being logical, and even the puppy dog eyes, which didn't seem to work with her hair. When her eleventh birthday drew close, she was resigned that this was going to be her life. There was no way to change her fate. She was going to marry some random prince, and _be boring_. End of story.

Then the letter arrived.

It seemed after all, there was a way to change her fate.

* * *

><p>Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third had a sucktastic name, and a sucktastic life to go with it.<p>

He was a Viking (yay!) and his father was the chief of Berk. He had no time for his scrawny runt of a son. No one ever did. Except his mom.

Valka Haddock was the only one who even remotely understood him. She always took time for her son, even when everybody was convinced he was the very reincarnation of disaster itself, or the mythical Night Fury. Correction: No one believed the Night Fury thing. Night Furies were vile and evil and strong and powerful, and Hiccup wasâ€¦ not.

Double correction: Night Furies were not mythical. They were real.

At least they were real enough to bomb Hiccup's house with fireballs, and kill his mother. Hiccup swore he saw the distinct shape of a Night Fury swooping away after the blast.

They had the funeral on the day after Hiccup's eleventh birthday. It was a sad event, the ground still covered in ashes from the fires. Stoic led the march through the village, to dump her ashes into the ocean. At least they think they were her ashes.

That night, Hiccup clutched his letter from Hogwarts. No one had really believed that he would receive one. Sure, the other children in the village had received them, but Hiccup had never shown any potential to being anything but a useless Viking. He held it so tight it crumpled. He couldn't go. Could he?

This was his escape. This was the only way he would be anything more than what they had expected. The only way he could escape the lingering lump of sadness and anger that lay at the bottom of his heart ever since his mom died.

The only way he could avenge her.

He grabbed the owl and scribbled a quick response. He tossed the owl out the window. It flapped its wings and soared off into the night sky.

Hiccup waited until he saw the swift shadow of a Night Fury. He knew it by heart now. It was burned into his mind. He saw it every time he closed his eyes. The darting blur flew across the sky.

"I will kill you." Hiccup whispered. "I'll kill you, even if it kills me."

He slammed the window shut and went to pack.

* * *

><p>Rapunzel knew more than she let on.<p>

Mother looked nothing like her. She reckoned when she was a kid, Gothel had picked her up and fostered her. It was the only way to explain the ahem, situation, without laying fault on Gothel.

And that was one thing Rapunzel resolved never to do.

Mother Gothel knew about Rapunzel's suspicions. She had poured her thoughts out to Pascal, who Gothel pretended not to see, when she thought she was asleep.

She knew if she ever went outside, some one recognise her, or at least tell her about the tale of the Gold Flower and Primrose. She remembered the first time she heard it.

"Primrose was the Deputy Headmistress of Hogwarts, right? And then she was going to have a kid with her husband, who I've forgotten about. And the poof! she gets sick, and nothing could cure her. And

then so, the people around start searching for a miracle. And unlike most people, they actually found it. They found the legendary Gold Flower. It could heal anything! And she gave birth to a beautiful young girl, called Rapunzel, I think. This story's real, sweetheart. Go to the coronation and see for yourself."_

Gothel snarled at the memory. The man had been annoying and crude, but he had given her vital information. After that, it was easy. In bustle and hustle of the celebration, she had been left alone for a minute. Gothel nabbed her and, just to mock walked through the streets of the village with her in her arms. Of course, she had put protection spells.

She swore never to let Rapunzel out of that tower.

But when Rapunzel started to show the first signs of magic, Gothel knew she was doomed. No matter how much you tried, Hogwarts would find a way to find magical children.

Of course, she was right. On Rapunzel's eleventh birthday, she had come to find the envelope sitting on the table.

It was open.

"Mother!" Rapunzel rushed out from her bedroom, swinging down like an ape by her hair. She landed in front of her. "I'm magical! There's a school named Hogwarts and-"

She stared at her stonily. "I know."

"But Mother! Why didn't you tell me?"

She began piling groceries on the table, pretending that it didn't matter. "I didn't see the need to!"

"But-"

Gothel turned to glare at her, all pretence forgotten. "Rapunzel, if you think you're ever going to leave this tower, you're wrong."

"Mom!"

"Rapunzel! You are not leaving this tower. Ever!" Gothel screamed at her. She took a deep breath and turned away. "Now, be a dear and help me with the food, will you?"

"I'll stop asking about the lights."

Gothel spun around. "What?"

"If you let me go to Hogwarts," Rapunzel repeated, "I'll stop asking about the lights." Her voice shook.

_It would be a good deal, _ Gothel mused. "No."

Rapunzel unleashed her final weapon - the puppy dog eyes. Even Gothel couldn't resist the horrible adorableness of it. Gothel blinked her head clear. "No."

"Please! I'll never ask again! I'll never beg you to bring me to see them!"

The puppy-dog eyes were addling Gothel's brain. "Fine. But I get to go with you. As Charms teacher. "

"Yay!" Rapunzel tried to do a dance of victory, but tripped over her hair. She stopped. "Wait. You can do magic?"

"Only charms, sweetheart. Only charms."

And that was nothing next to the other lies she had told.

* * *

><p>Sorry guys, but because of my other ongoing fanfiction, and my utter uselessness at writing, I'm not going to update in a long time. Once every month, maybe? Idk. Hoped you like it, and please review.<p>

Update: Based on my writer's block for this one, updates are not going to be frequent. I'll write whenever I have the inspiration. Anyhow, I've decided writing two at a time is just too much, so my Warrior's fic is going to be my main priority now. Sry to everyone disappointed.

End
file.